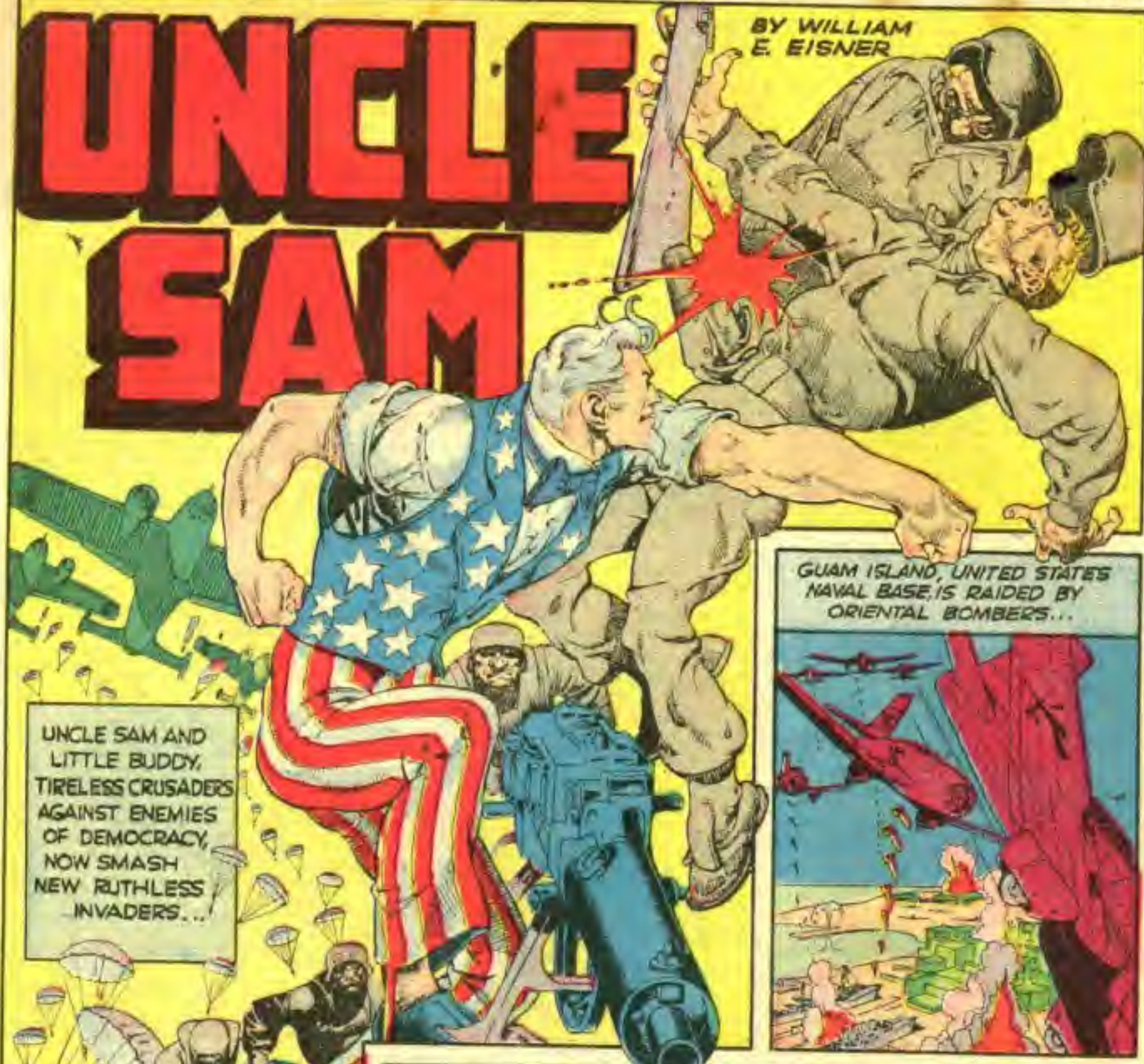


UNCLE SAM

BY WILLIAM
E. EISNER



UNCLE SAM AND
LITTLE BUDDY,
TIRELESS CRUSADERS
AGAINST ENEMIES
OF DEMOCRACY,
NOW SMASH
NEW RUTHLESS
INVADERS...

GUAM ISLAND, UNITED STATES
NAVAL BASE, IS RAIDED BY
ORIENTAL BOMBERS...



AT THE SAME TIME ENEMY WARSHIPS FIRE ON PEARL HARBOR,
HAWAII.....



THE SECRETARY OF WAR
ADDRESSES CONGRESS

... AND OUR ENTIRE FLEET
SHOULD BE IN THE PACIFIC TO
QUELL THIS BARBAROUS
ATTACK!!

AYE!

AND LEAVE OUR EASTERN SHORES
UNGUARDED? THIS ATTACK MAY
BE A TRICK, GENTLEMEN!!

THERE'S
NO ALTERNATIVE
UNCLE SAM...
WE DON'T HAVE A
TWO-OCEAN
NAVY!!

WHILE FROM A MEDITER-
RANEAN FORT A HOSTILE
FLEET MOVES TOWARD
WEST AFRICA...

DUSK FINDS UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY
A MILE OFF SHORE IN AN
OUTBOARD MOTOR BOAT...

LOOK! THERE'S
ONE LIGHT ON
SHORE
THERE!

WE'RE
NEARLY
OUT OF
GAS,
TOO!

THIS IS MAINE COAST..
DESERTED. THEY GO
TO BED EARLY
HERE

THAT
LIGHT...
IT'S GONE
NOW!!

HMM... SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS
ABOUT THIS..

LOOK
OUT, UNCLE
SAM!!

OH..OH!! DUCK, BUDDY,
TROUBLE!!!

RIGHT BEHIND
YOU, UNCLE
SAM!!

WELCOMING
COMMITTEE, EH?
WELL, TAKE THAT
FROM A GUEST!!

AN'
THAT!!

THE GREAT PATRIOT DRIVES
ONE OF THE MOB THROUGH
A SHACK.....

THAT'S
FOR YOU!





THE FEW AVAILABLE BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS TAKE OFF TO MEET THE INVADERS



WHILE THE NAVY LAYS MINES ALONG THE COAST, SEVERAL DESTROYERS RACE TO MEET THE FOE...



AMERICAN PILOTS ENGAGE FOREIGN FLIERS IN FIERCE COMBAT...



AN "EGG" EXPLODES ON AN INVADING WARSHIP



PORTLAND, MAINE IS RAIDED BY BOMBERS...



BUDDY RUSHES TO A PRIVATE FLYING CLUB...

LOOK! WE'LL NEED ONLY 2 SHIPS AND A CABLE.. WAIT'LL I COME BACK!

SOUNDS SCREWY, SON... BUT WE'LL TRY IT!!



THEN TO THE PRESIDENT OF A LARGE PIANO COMPANY...

...AND WE NEED ALL THE PIANO WIRE YOU'VE GOT!!







WHILE LEADING ENEMY PLANES DROP BOMBS, THOSE FOLLOWING UNLOAD HORDES OF PARACHUTISTS



BOSTON SUFFERS THE ASSAULT OF THE DESTRUCTIVE INVADERS



HIGH ABOVE THE CITY AGAIN FLY TWO CABIN PLANES WITH THE DEADLY DANGLING WIRES



THEY BEAT US HERE TO BOSTON. BUT WE'LL GIVE 'EM A SURPRISE!

THEY'RE RIGHT UNDER US... A DOZEN BIG BOMBERS!



AGAIN THE PLANO WIRE ENSNARES THE WAR-BIRDS AND PLUNGES THEM TO DOOM!!



WOW!! GOT 'EM ALL AGAIN... GUESS WE CAN HEAD BACK TO PORTLAND!

SAY... LOOK!! THAT RING OF FIRE DOWN IN THE OCEAN!



TRAPPED COMPLETELY BY UNCLE SAM'S FIRE RING, THE INVADING WARSHIPS LIE HELPLESS....





WINDY BREEZE



CHAMP
LIAR.....



KID PATROL

SUNSHINE, PORKY, SUZY AND TEDDY STUMBLE INTO TROUBLE AGAIN... AND FIND THAT SINISTER DEEDS CAN BE EASILY HIDDEN BEHIND THE MOST SURPRISING CAMOUFLAGE.



D. & W. Wilson

THE KID PATROL WALKS DOWN A SUNNY SIDE STREET AND...

MRS. CRISTY'S CALLING US!

SHO'NUF!



I'LL PAY YOU FIFTY CENTS TO MIND JUNIOR WHILE I'M AWAY!

AW, SISSY STUFF!... WE'RE NOT NURSE-MAIDS!

FIFTY CENTS?? WE'LL MIND HIM, MRS. CRISTY.



AS USUAL, SUZY HAS THE LAST WORD.

FIFTY CENTS IS NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT!

NO, I GUESS NOT!



LEAVING PORKY, THEY PUSH OFF.



THE TRIO CROWDS AROUND THE CANDY COUNTER EAGERLY.



TEDDY TURNS TO THE WINDOW AND SEES A MAN PACING BACK AND FORTH.



HERE'S THE POP, SUZY?



TURNING SUDDENLY, SUZY FINDS THE LITTLE RASCAL UNDER HIS CARRIAGE.



OUTSIDE, TEDDY WHEELS THE BABY QUICKLY PAST THE LOITERER.



MEANWHILE THE SHOP-KEEPER GETS A SHOCK.



HE DASHES OUTSIDE.



SUNSHINE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.



WE DUNNO NOTHIN' BOUT NO MONEY?

THEN WHAT HAPPENED TO IT? I SAW IT IN MY REGISTER WITH MY OWN EYES!



GUESS YOU KIDS ARE INNOCENT? I'M GOING TO PHONE THE POLICE!



BUT AS THE KID PATROL GOES DOWN THE STREET.



THE MAN ROUNDS A CORNER AND.



MEANWHILE SUZY WHEELS THE BABY BACK TO MRS. CRISTY.



THE NEXT DAY... MRS. CRISTY HAS AN ERRAND FOR THE KID PATROL.



SO, WHEELING JUNIOR, THEY REACH THE BANK.



BUT WHEN THEY LEAVE THE TELLER'S WINDOW.



AND NOT FAR AWAY..



HALF-SCARED OUT OF THEIR WITS THEY DASH INTO THE CRISTY HOME.



H-HERE H-HE COMES NOW!

SUDDENLY MRS. CRISTY SNAPS A SPRING IN THE CARRIAGE AND...



MEANWHILE THE "PURSUER" COMES, HIS GUN COCKED FOR ACTION..



AND "JUNIOR" HOPS OUT OF HIS CARRIAGE WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN.



SUNSHINE GRABS A TOMATO.



HA! HA! THAT'S GOOD! THOSE TWO ROBBED A BANK LAST MONTH.. I'VE BEEN TRAILING THEM FOR THE F.B.I..?



Sally O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

BY FRANK KEARNS



FOR MONTHS TROUBLE HAS BEEN BREWING IN PRISON..NOW SUDDENLY IT BREAKS OUT IN A RASH OF MURDER.... PRISON GUARDS ARE KILLED.



CONVICTS SWARM OVER UNWATCHED WALLS, BOUND FOR THE FREEDOM THE STATE HAS DENIED THEM.



TWO PRISONERS ESCAPE TO THE RIVER SHORE..

GRAB THESE FISHERMEN'S CLOTHES!







MEANWHILE MIKE HAS RELEASED THE OLD COUPLE.

OH, OFFICER, I HEAR 'EM SHOOTIN'?

YOU FOLKS STAY HERE WHILE I GO OUT AND JOIN THE FIREWORKS!

TRIPPING OVER THE HEN, SALLY IS AT THE MERCY OF ONE OF THE CONVICTS.

BUT MIKE TAKES CAREFUL AIM AND...



A SLUG BLASTS THE GUN FROM THE THUG'S HAND.



THE CONS MAKE A DASH FOR THE BARN AS MIKE KEEPS SHOOTING.

HURRY UP DROPPER!

COMIN' BALDY!



A STARTLED CALF SAVES HIS LIFE...



SALLY SNAPS A SHOT AND GETS THE SECOND THUG IN THE LEG.



BALDY DRAGS HIS WOUNDED PAL INSIDE THE BARN.



SALLY AND MIKE STAGE
A FURIOUS GUN BATTLE.



...UNTIL THEY RUN
OUT OF AMMUNITION.



THE CONVICTS ARE
PUZZLED.



JUST THEN SALLY SEES
A SKUNK.



HASTILY SALLY MAKES
AN IMPROVISED GAS
MASK.



SHE GRABS THE HIGHLY FRA-
GRANT "PUSSY" BY THE TAIL
AND...



WITH
THE
ACCURACY
OF A
MAJOR
LEAGUE
PITCHER,
SALLY
HURLS
MOTHER
NATURE'S
STENCH
BOMB
IN THE
WINDOW.

PFUI! YOW!
A SKUNK!



THE CONVICTS STAGGER
OUT, GASPING AND CHOKING.



SALLY AND MIKE KNOCK
THEM HEAD-OVER-HEELS.



MR. MACGREGOR WATCHES FROM THE WINDOW . . .

MOTHER MACGREGOR MAKES A FRANTIC CALL.

SALLY COVERS DROPPER. BALDY IS STILL GROGGY.

LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT THEM FELLERS UNDER CONTROL. SEE IF THE LINE'S STILL BUSY AND CALL THE SHERIFF BESS!

THAT YOU, SHERIFF? THEM ESCAPED CONVICTS ARE DOWN HERE AT THE MACGREGOR FARM! BETTER COME QUICK AND FETCH 'EM TO THE JAILHOUSE!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU RATE A LOT LOWER THAN THAT POOR SKUNK!



THE SHERIFF ARRIVES IN HIS ANCIENT JALOPPY.

SEE THAT THE MACGREGORS GET THAT REWARD.

SALLY GETS THE SHERIFF ASIDE . . .

THE SHERIFF DRIVES THE CONVICTS TO TOWN AND TO PRISON.

STATE PRISON'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU FELLERS BACK AND THERE'S A RIGHT SMART REWARD COMING TO THESE YOUNG FOLKS!

WILL YOU? WHAT WE DID WAS IN THE LINE OF DUTY.

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE ONLY TWO LEGS, I'D SAY YOU WAS A COUPLE OF POLECATS! YOU SHORE SMELL LIKE IT!



THEY GOT OUR MONEY BACK, TOO!

THEY SHORE DESERVE IT, SHERIFF!

O.K., MISS, THAT'S SWELL OF YOU!

SALLY O'NEIL BATTLES CRIME AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

PROP POWERS

By Lynn Byrd



PATROLLING THE STORM-LASHED ATLANTIC SHORES ARE TWO DAUNTLESS COAST GUARD FUERS, PROP POWERS AND HIS HILL-BILLY PARTNER, LANK. LAUGHING AT DEATH, THEY TAKE ANY RISK TO CARRY OUT THEIR MISSIONS.

WHILE MECHANICS ARE WORKING ON THEIR PLANE, PROP AND LANK KILL TIME IN THE COAST GUARD STATION'S RECREATION ROOM.

TAKE IT EASY, PRO! Y'ALL CAINT JUGGLE THEM CUPS!

WATCH ME!

BUT PROP HAS MORE CONFIDENCE THAN SKILL...

OUTSIDE, A HUGE NEW WAR-PLANE DROVES DOWN ONTO THE BASE LAGOON.



SUDDENLY PROP'S FUN IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY HIS COMMANDANT.

DESTROYING GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, EH? STOP THAT NON-SENSE! I'VE A SPECIAL JOB FOR YOU TWO.

YEAH, SKIPPER? SHOOT THE ORDERS. WE'RE GAME TO TRY ANYTHING ONCE, EH, PROP?

YOU SAID IT, PAL!



THERE'S A NEW PATROL BOMBER OUTSIDE, READY TO BE FERRIED TO BRITAIN. HALF THE SHIPS LIKE IT HAVE BEEN LOST EN ROUTE. TAKE HER UP AND FIND OUT WHAT'S BEEN THE TROUBLE!



PROP AND LANK MAKE A SPEEDY TAKE-OFF.

SHE SURE FLIES LIKE A BIRD. I CAN'T SEE WHY HER SISTER SHIPS CRASHED IN THE SEA.

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, PROP!



UNDER PROP'S SKILLED HANDS THE HUGE SHIP GOES THROUGH TEST STUNTS.

EASY, PROP! WE AIN'T GOT OUR 'CHUTES!

HERE WE GO! RIGHT INTO THE FOG BANK.



A SUDDEN JOLT THROWS LANK AGAINST THE INSTRUMENT BOARD.

GREAT SCOTT! YOU SMASHED THOSE GAUGES LANK!

WHOOPS! ER... I COULDN'T STOP!



THE SHIP PLUNGES SEAWARD THROUGH A PEA SOUP FOG.



AW, DON'T WORRY, PROP, I'LL GET HER ON AN EVEN KEEL!

GOOD WORK, KID. WE'RE COMING OUT NOW. BUT I JUST NOTICED THAT WE'RE LOW ON GAS.

I'M BRINGING HER DOWN.



LANK DROPS THE HUGE SHIP BEFORE AN ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE.

SAY, I NEVER SAW THIS BEACON BEFORE, LANK. LET'S HOP OUT!



THEY DISCOVER THAT THE LIGHTHOUSE IS A DUMMY JOB MADE OF PLYBOARD PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE BRICK AND CONCRETE.

CALLING BOMBER SQUADRON, TAKE YOUR BEARINGS AND FOLLOW ROUTE SEVEN.

SH! CAREFUL, LANK!



BUT THEIR FIGURES CAST SHADOWS ON THE WINDOW.



WITH VICIOUSNESS BORN OF FEAR, THE ENEMY AGENTS TAKE PROP AND LANK BY SURPRISE.



PROP SWINGS IN WITH A FLASHING LEFT HOOK AS LANK GOES DOWN BEHIND HIM.



BUT PROP WHIRLS ABOUT AND FINDS HIMSELF COVERED.



HIS CAPTOR FORCES PROP INSIDE WHERE HE IS CONFRONTED BY THE BEARDED SRY LEADER.



NONE OF YOUR FILTHY TONGUE! YOUR LIFE IS IN MY HANDS!



KAPITAN MULLER TO YOU, DOG! AND OUR BUSINESS IS TO WRECK THE BOMBERS YOUR COUNTRY IS FERRYING ABROAD.. THAT EXPLAINS THE RADIO MESSAGE YOU OVERHEARD!



ONE OF KAPITAN MULLER'S MEN COMES TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT. PROP PLANTS A RIGHT ON HIS JAW.





TELL US HOW YOU WRECK THE PLANES THAT ARE BEING FERRIED ABROAD.

WE HAVE A RAIDER DISGUISED AS A TRAMP SHIP OFF THE COAST.

OKAY, YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD US TO IT!

PROP AND LANK FORCE THEIR CAPTIVE ABOARD THE PATROL BOMBER AND TAXI OUT TO SEA.

HE'S RIGHT, PROP! THERE'S A SHIP RIDING AT ANCHOR. WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH GAS TO GET TO HER..

RUNNING ALONGSIDE THE ALIEN VESSEL, THEY LEAVE THE SPY BOUND..

WE'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE, LANK.

BUT PROP FIRES THE FIRST SHOTS AND LANK GETS THE DROP ON THE MACHINE GUNNER.

WITH QUICK BRUSH STROKES, PROP PAINTS A WARNING ON THE RAIDER'S FOREDECK.

LET'S GO, LANK. MY PAINT JOB WILL WARN THE NEXT FLIGHT OF BOMBERS TO KEEP CLEAR OF THIS SHIP!

YEAH, WE'D BETTER TAKE OFF AND RADIO FOR A DESTROYER TO SINK THIS SCOW!

STEER CLEAR NAZI SHIP

KEEP THAT FELLOW COVERED, LANK. I'M GOING TO DO A JOB WITH THAT PAIL OF PAINT!

BEFORE THE CREW IS BROUGHT ON DECK BY THE LOOKOUT'S YELLS, PROP AND LANK DIVE SWIFTLY OVERBOARD.

MOMENTS LATER THEY ZOOM BEYOND RANGE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE FROM THE RAIDER.

ARRIVING SAFELY, THEY CONFRONT THEIR COMMANDER.

THAT GAS GAUGE MUST BE COCKEYED, PROP. I'LL BET WE CAN REACH OUR STATION.

SHUT UP! I'M TRYING TO CONTACT THE DESTROYERS!

THE DESTROYERS SANK THE RAIDER! WHOA, CAP'N! HOLD THAT CUP!

OH! SO IT WAS YOU WHO FOUND THAT SHIP!

NEXT MONTH PROP MEETS NEW THRILLING AERIAL ADVENTURE IN NATIONAL COMICS.



WONDER BOY ATTENDS A GLIDER MEET IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.. HE SOARS IN A GRACEFUL SAILPLANE. . . .



SUDDENLY A THUNDER-HEAD DARKENS THE HORIZON. . .



WONDER BOY TRIES TO LAND, BUT CANNOT, FOR STRONG UPDRAFTS LIFT THE CRAFT THOUSANDS OF FEET INTO THE STORM-TORN SKY. . .



THE VIOLENT WIND PRESSURE IS TOO MUCH FOR THE SLENDER WINGS. THERE IS AN OMINOUS SOUND OF SPLINTERING WOOD.

OH-OH! THERE GO THE WINGS! AND I HAVEN'T GOT A PARACHUTE!



JUST AS THE WINGS ARE ABOUT TO FOLD UP, WONDER BOY EXERTS HIS AMAZING POWER, AND GRASPING THE LEADING EDGES, HOLDS THE SURFACES IN FLYING POSITION.

WHEN THE STORM FINALLY PASSES, THE PLANE SPIRALS DOWN. WONDER BOY FINDS HIMSELF OVER A TRACKLESS JUNGLE.

I'VE GOT TO MAKE A LANDING.. BUT WHERE? I'D CRACK UP IN THOSE TREES!



IN THE NICK OF TIME, HE SIGHS A SMALL CLEARING AND MAKES A SKILLFUL LANDING, CONTROLLING THE STICK WITH HIS KNEES.



I WONDER WHERE I AM? IT LOOKS LIKE THE CENTRAL AMERICAN JUNGLE!

HIS GUESS IS RIGHT. TWO NATIVES, DESCENDANTS OF A ONCE GREAT CIVILIZATION, PEER HOSTILELY AT WONDER BOY.



THE EVIL WHITE MAN COMES TO KILL OUR PEACEFUL PEOPLE!

.. AND STEAL THE SACRED GOLD FROM THE TEMPLE!

WONDER BOY IS SUDDENLY SURROUNDED BY THE ANGRY TRIBESMEN.



WE KNOW WHY YOU CAME IN THE GREAT BIRD!

HE PLEADS FOR HIS LIFE.

I MEAN YOU NO HARM! THE GODS OF THE WIND CARRIED ME HERE! LET ME REPAIR MY "BIRD" AND I WILL FLY AWAY AND LEAVE YOU IN PEACE!





MANY MOONS AGO, MEN OF YOUR ACCURSED RACE FOUND OUR HIDDEN VILLAGES... THEY KILLED AND PLUNDERED BEFORE WE COULD DRIVE THEM AWAY!

WHILE THE NATIVE TELLS OF THEIR BITTERNESS, THE CHIEF LOOKS DOWN INTO THE VALLEY AND CRIES IN ALARM...

LOOK! A BAND OF ARMED WHITE MEN APPROACH! THE THIEVES RETURN!



WILL YOU SPARE MY LIFE IF I SAVE YOUR PEOPLE AND TREASURE FROM THOSE MEN, OH MIGHTY CHIEF?

YOU ARE SMALL IN BODY, BUT GREAT IN HEART. YES, YOU GO FREE!

WONDER BOY SEIZES A BARK MEGAPHONE AND LEAPS TO A PILE OF CRUMBLING MASONRY.



LEAVE THESE PEACEFUL PEOPLE ALONE OR YOU WILL REGRET IT!

BUT THE BRIGANDS ARE ONLY AMUSED.

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BRAWLEY?

HA! HA! A KID TELLIN' US WHAT TO DO? LET THE DUMB SAVAGES HAVE IT, SNIPE!



ARROWS AND SPEARS ARE USELESS AGAINST BULLETS. THE NATIVES FLEE TO THE VILLAGE STOCKADE.



ONCE INSIDE, THEY BAR THE GATE. IN THEIR HASTE, THEY LEAVE WONDER BOY OUTSIDE.



IF WE LET WHITE BOY IN NOW, WE ALL MAY BE KILLED!

THOUGH OUTNUMBERED, WONDER BOY IS TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF.



JUST CALL ME THE HUMAN NUTCRACKER!

THE CHIEF ORDERS THE GATE OPEN AND HE DRAGS WONDER BOY, PROTESTING, INSIDE.



YOU COME IN. WE CANNOT LET YOU BE HURT, OH BRAVE SMALL ONE!

I CAN HANDLE THEM, CHIEF!

INFURIATED, BRAWLEY BEL-
LWS A COMMAND TO HIS
MEN.

RIG UP A CATAPULT!
WE'LL TOSS A BUNDLE OF
DYNAMITE OVER THE WALL
WITH IT AND BLOW
'EM TO
BITS!



THE CATAPULT IS SET IN READI-
NESS AND THEY PREPARE TO
HURL THE HOME-MADE BOMB



THIS'LL
FIX THE
LITTLE
SQUIRT!

GIVE US GOLD
FROM THE TEMPLE
OR WE'LL BLAST
YOU TO KINGDOM
COME!

WONDER BOY ISSUES
A STARTLING COMMAND

DO AS THEY SAY,
CHIEF! HAVE YOUR
MEN BRING THE
GOLD!

I'VE
GOT
AN
IDEA!



THE BEWILDERED NATIVES
COMPLY.

HAS THE MIGHTY
WHITE CHILD
TURNED COWARD?

MAYBE HE
TRICKS US
AND IS BUT
ONE OF THE
BANDITS
HIMSELF!



WONDER BOY CLIMBS
TO THE TOP OF THE
STOCKADE AND SHOUTS
DEFIANCE.

GO AHEAD
AND DO
YOUR
WORST!



THE CATAPULT
SHOOTS ITS
DEADLY
MISSILE.

HE ASKED
FOR IT,
SNIPE!

AND
HE'LL
GET IT!



BUT WONDER BOY LEAPS
HIGH AND CATCHES THE
DYNAMITE LIKE A FOOT-
BALL...



HE PUTS THE
BOMB ASIDE
AND CALLS TO
THE TRIBESMEN.

NOW LET'S
HAVE THAT
GOLD!



THE NUGGETS AND
BARS OF GLEAMING
YELLOW METAL
ARE PASSED UP
TO WONDER BOY.

I'LL SEE
THAT
YOU
GET IT
BACK!





YOU MEN WERE ASKING FOR GOLD? WELL, HERE IT IS!

WONDER BOY HURLS THE HEAVY NUGGETS WITH DEVASTATING ACCURACY.



SPECIAL DELIVERY AIRMAIL!



THE CROOKS WILT UNDER THE GOLDEN HAIL.

WONDER BOY LEAPS FROM THE WALL AND FINISHES THE JOB WITH HIS FOOT.



NOW MAYBE YOU'LL BEHAVE!

AFTER THE BRAWL IS OVER, HE FINDS THE MEDICINE MAN.



DO YOU THINK YOU COULD BREW A POTION WHICH WOULD MAKE THEM FORGET HOW THEY FOUND YOUR VILLAGE?

YES! WE'LL GIVE IT TO THEM, THEN THEY WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!

WONDER BOY, HIS SAIL-PLANE REPAIRED, CLIMBS INTO THE COCKPIT AND PREPARES TO TAKE OFF.



THE WIND IS JUST RIGHT!

FOR HOURS, HE SOARS OVER MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS, CITIES AND FARMS.



I'M GETTING NEAR MY STARTING POINT!

WONDER BOY MAKES A SAFE LANDING BACK AT THE GLIDER CONTEST FIELD. THE SEALED BAROGRAPH, WHICH SHOWS HIS FLIGHT, IS OPENED AND EXAMINED... THEN...

THE BAROGRAPH INDICATES THAT YOU HAVE SET NEW RECORDS FOR ALTITUDE AND DURATION. I AWARD YOU THIS CUP!



THANKS.

WONDER BOY PLUNGES INTO ANOTHER WHIRLWIND ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

QUICKSILVER

THE
LAUGHING
ROBIN
HOOD

By Flick & Archy

© G M

HIS STRIKING FURY IS EQUAL TO THAT OF A THUNDERBOLT AND HIS JUSTICE QUESTIONED BY NO ONE. THIS IS QUICKSILVER, CHAMPION AMONG THE TRAPPERS OF CRIMINALS.....

HURRY UP AND GET THE CAR DOOR OPEN SO WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOME ONE SPOTS US!

WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, THE GIRL IS DRAGGED INTO THE CAR AND SPED AWAY..

FROM A DARKENED ALLEY, A GIRL IS SUDDENLY SPRUNG UPON BY SEVERAL HOODLIMS.....



WHAT'S THIS...?? A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD OF THE ABDUCTOR'S CAR A MANHOLE IS OPENING...

AND AS IT PASSES OVER, TWO HANDS STREAK FROM THE MANHOLE AND GRAB THE BACK BUMPER!

THEN, THE REST OF THE FIGURE FOLLOWS... IT IS QUICKSILVER



HMMM... I'LL HAVE TO TRY THIS AGAIN SOMETIME

.. AND, IF THESE GUYS DON'T MIND, I'LL JUST TAG ALONG UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF A KIDNAPPING, BUT EVEN THE DUMBEST CROOK WOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO PICK ON SOMEONE WITHOUT A DIME TO HER NAME AND NO FAMILY, NOPE... THERE'S SOMETHING MORE TO THIS... MAYBE A LOT MORE..



SOME TIME LATER, THE CAR STOPS AT AN OLD ABANDONED FARMHOUSE, A GOOD DISTANCE FROM THE CITY...



ALL RIGHT, JOE, BRING HER INTO THE CELLAR WITH THE OTHERS!

LET ME GO!!

OUCH!



BUT, AS THE GIRL IS BROUGHT INTO THE CELLAR, HER FRIGHT IS TURNED INTO AMAZE-MENT!

WHY... WHY...

GOOD EVENING MISS THOMAS!



MR. HANLEY, FRED, ED... THE STATE WITNESSES IN DUTCH HANSON'S TRIAL TOMORROW!! WELL, I MUST SAY THAT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY USES FUNNY WAYS OF BRINGING HIS WITNESSES TOGETHER!!



THE D.A. WILL BE ALONG
SHORTLY AND
EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING!

YES..
HE
WAS DETAINED
UNEXPECTEDLY!

WHEN HE GETS
HERE, I'M GOING
TO GIVE HIM A
GOOD PIECE OF
MY MIND! THE
IDEA OF SCARING
A GIRL LIKE...
...UH!!

CAROL THOMAS'S EYES STARE IN AMAZE-
MENT... FOR
BOUND AT THE SIDE OF THE CELLAR ARE THREE
MEN... IDENTICAL IN APPEARANCE AS TO THE THREE
SHE HAS BEEN TALKING TO....

WHO...? YOU LOOK
EXACTLY ALIKE... YOU
ARE ALIKE!!

PERFECT!
IT COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN BETTER!!
ALL RIGHT BOYS..
TIE HER TO THE
STAND INSIDE!

OKAY!

COME
ALONG, MAIGIE... IT
WILL TAKE A LITTLE
TIME TO CHANGE
YOU TO MISS
THOMAS HERE!

WELL KID, LOOKS
LIKE I'M GOING TO
TAKE YOUR PLACE
AT THE TRIAL
TOMORROW.. JUST
LIKE MY PALS ARE
GOING TO TAKE YOUR
FRIENDS' PLACES!

THEN...

WELL I'LL BE.. SO DUTCH
HANSON'S MOB IS GOING
TO BE THE STATE WIT-
NESSES AT HIS TRIAL,
AND KNOCK THE D.A.'S
CASE FOR A LOOP WITH
PHONEY TESTIMONY!

NOT BAD...
MAYBE I'M A
BIT WHACKY...
BUT THIS GIVES
ME AN IDEA
THAT WILL KICK
THIS FOR A ROW
OF TEN PINS!

SOON AFTER...

THIS IS
IT!!

SILENTLY, QUICKSILVER SLIPS OUT OF THE
OLD FARMHOUSE AND LIKE GREASED
LIGHTNING STREAKS BACK TO THE CITY...

LIKE A POWERFUL ANTELOPE, QUICKSILVER STREAKS TO THE SECOND STORY OF THE POLICE STATION...

PFFT, BUD... WHERE'S THE ROGUE'S GALLERY?

RIGHT HERE... SAY... QUICK...

SHHH... THIS IS A SECRET!!

WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS QUICKSILVER HAS FOUND WHAT HE WANTS

THIS IS IT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE OLD HOUSE

UNTIE MISS THOMAS.. WE'RE FINISHED!

C'MON IN THE OTHER ROOM, KID.. WE'RE GONNA CHANGE CLOTHES

NOW TO GET BACK TO THE FARM-HOUSE! HA! HA!

WHAT? I WON'T DO IT!

OKAY! EITHER YOU AND I DO IT.. OR THE BOYS HERE WILL HELP YOU!!

ALL RIGHT!!



WELL.. WE'RE ALL SET! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO TOMORROW, SO GET BACK TO THE CITY!!

AS FOR YOU REAL WITNESSES, YOU'LL BE SET FREE AS SOON AS THE TRIAL IS OVER AND DUTCH AND THE REST OF US ARE OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

YOU'RE CRAZY, THEY'LL BE SET FREE LONG BEFORE THAT!

WHAT TH...!??

QUICKSILVER!

AS THE GUNMEN SEE QUICKSILVER, THEY INSTANTLY DRAW THEIR GUNS AND BLAST AWAY



BUT.. THE THUGS LITTLE REALIZE QUICKSILVER'S SPEED... FOR IN A FLASH HE HAS CIRCLED THE MEN AND STRIKES AT THEM FROM BEHIND LIKE A SIZZLING STREAK OF LIGHTNING!!



NOW I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE MAP CHANGING!



AH! YOU!!

N-NO.. G-GET AWAY!

SURE.. IF YOU DO AS I SAY! CHANGE THE REAL STATES' WITNESSES INTO THE PEOPLE ON THE CARDS !!

ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT... I'LL DO IT.. NO! Y-YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO THIS!

OKAY.. THEN YOU GO TO JAIL!!



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE TRIAL OF DUTCH HANSON.. THE COURT IS TURNED INTO UTTER CONFUSION AS THE FOUR STATES' WITNESSES APPEAR FOR THE DEFENSE....



WHY NO.. HE WASN'T EVEN THERE!

I GIVE UP!

YOUR HONOR.. IT SEEMS AS IF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS TRYING TO TAKE MY JOB AS DEFENSE ATTORNEY!



QUIET!

YOUR HONOR.. EVEN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS PROVEN MY CLIENTS' INNOCENCE! I DEMAND A DISMISSAL OF THIS TRIAL ON....



THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY'S TALK IS BROKEN BY DUTCH HANSON..



HARRY! LOOK!

WHAT TH'??

MAISIE... AN'TH' GUYS THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FIXED UP LIKE TH' D.A.'S WITNESSES! BUT THEY WAS.. THEY GAVE ME TH' HIGH SIGN WHEN THEY CAME IN! THEY'RE OVER WITH TH' D.A.. AND STILL THEY'RE JUST WALKIN' IN! I'M GOIN' NUTS!



HI'YA, DUTCH... HARRY!

H.H.HELLO... MAISIE!!

HI BOSS!



AND AS THE FAKE WITNESSES SEE "THEMSELVES"



PSST, BUTCH... WHO'S TH' DAME WALKIN' IN WITH YOU AN' TH' BOYS?

IT'S "YOU," YOU DOPE!



WELL.. WHAT ARE YOU ALL STANDING AROUND WITH YOUR MOUTHS OPEN FOR? PROCEED WITH THE TRIAL!! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ANYWAY?



I DUNNO... BUT I CONFESS TO ANYTHING!! I HAD MY MOB AS WITNESSES FOR TH' D.A. AND THEN THEY WALK IN..... WHO'S WHO... THEY'RE THEM... I'M SHE... HE'S THAT... ANYBODY GOT A PADDED CELL?



THEY'RE "THEM"?? THE STATES' WITNESSES ARE REALLY YOUR OWN MOBSTERS.. AND YOUR MOB IS THE STATE...?? NO... YOU'RE THE JUDGE... NO.. I'M THE D.A... NO!! COURT IS IN RECESS UNTIL I FIND OUT WHO'S WHO!!



WELL.. BEFORE THE TRIAL WAS OVER, DUTCH AND HIS WHOLE GANG GOT 20 YEARS!!... OH... THE JUDGE? HE'S STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO'S WHO... AND IT'S MAKING A NERVOUS WRECK OF HIM.. BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE COULDN'T SOLVE PUZZLES?



Jack and Jill

By
Lowell
Riggs



THE "FLORIDA FLYER," CRACK VACATION TRAIN THUNDERS OVER THE RAILS. ABOARD IS A SCORE OF MERRYMAKERS.

AMONG THEM, JACK AND JILL DOE, OUR ACE SLEUTHS AND MANTON WALKER, MILLIONAIRE ORCHID GROWER.

YOU'VE GOTTEN THREATENING LETTERS?

YES. THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU TWO TO COME WITH ME. OBVIOUSLY YOU ARE JUST A VACATIONING COUPLE, BUT IN REALITY YOU ARE GUARDING MY LIFE! NOW GO TO DINNER. I'LL LOCK MYSELF IN HERE.





BUT AT THIS MOMENT, MANTON WALKER HAS A VISITOR... **DEATH!**



HE RAPS HEAVILY ON WALKER'S COMPARTMENT DOOR.



ON THE CARPET SPRAWLS MANTON WALKER, HIS FACE CONTORTED BY PAIN, HIS MOUTH NOISELESSLY FORMING A SINGLE WORD.



JACK LEAPS TO THE OPEN WINDOW... HE DRAWS HIMSELF UP TO THE TRAIN ROOF.

YOU!... PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

NOT UNTIL YOU GET A TASTE OF IT, BUD!

INSTANTLY, THE KILLER FIRES...

I AIN'T GITTIN' CAUGHT SO EASY. HEY! LEGGO!

I SAID PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

CURSING, TRYING TO KEEP HIS BALANCE AND SHOOTING AT THE SAME TIME, THE MURDERER RESISTS.

BUT JACK DODGES THE BULLET AND CATCHES HIS PREY UNAWARE.

MEANWHILE JILL IS DRAWN TO THE SCENE.

JACK CAUGHT SOMEBODY!

YA-AH.. WALKER HAD IT COMIN'.. AN' YOU TOO!

OOF!

AND HE'S NOT HAVING AN EASY TIME OF IT. I'LL HELP!

OH!

BUT JILL'S SHOT MISSES AND JACK ROLLS OFF THE ROOF AS THE TRAIN SUDDENLY LURCHES. WHILE THE KILLER STILL HAS THE UPPER HAND.



THE TRAIN STOPS SHORT. THE MURDERER IS JOLTED OFF THE ROOF.



BUT A FLYING BULLET ZINGS INTO AN OLD LADY'S HAT.



SHE PULLS THE AIRBRAKE AND...



HE SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET HASTILY AND DARTS DOWN THE TRACK.



LATER.

WITH ANGRY FLAILING FISTS, JACK PUMMELS HIS CATCH.



I WAS HIRED TO KILL MANTON WALKER SO HE WON'T LOWER HIS PRICES FOR HIS ORCHID BULBS.. MY BOSS CAN'T COMPETE WITH HIM!



SEE THE NEXT JACK AND JILL STORY IN NATIONAL COMICS

MISS WINKY

The All-American Girl

by ARTHUR GEORGE

SHUCKS! I THOUGHT THIS WAS A POPULAR CORNER FOR THINGS TO HAPPEN!



WELL, I'M GONNA REST OVER IN THE PARK AND EAT THESE BANANAS



HELP!



OOHHH -- I THINK I BROKE MY LEG!

DON'T GO AWAY - I'LL CALL AN AMBULANCE!



TAKE IT EASY ON THE CURVES, JOE - THAT FRONT TIRE IS PRETTY WEAK

WHEEEEE!



- AND THERE IT GOES!



FIRE!
RING IN AN ALARM!

THAT FOR YOU! - AND NOW I SUE THE CITY!



SOCK MY PAL, WILL YOU!

HEY, CUT OUT THAT FIGHTING! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS?



AW - COOL OFF, YOU OLD FIRE HORSE!



LEAVE HIM ALONE!

OH YEAH? TAKE THAT!



I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THESE FLOWERS - THEY'RE THE ONLY LIFE I'VE FOUND IN THIS TOWN!



KID DIXON

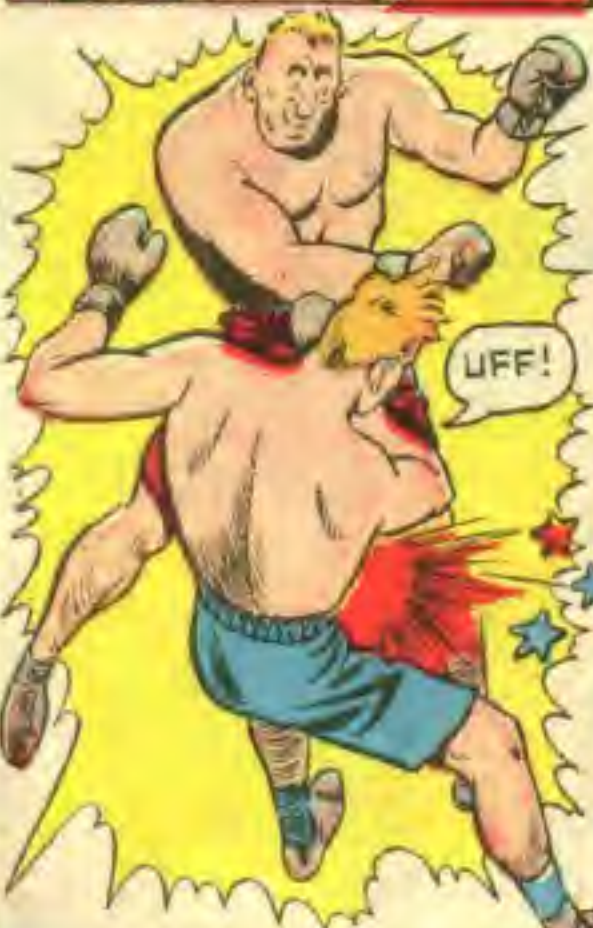
by BOB REYNOLDS







THEN, WITH EACH LIGHT AND "PROP" IN ITS PLACE, THE DIRECTOR ORDERS "CAMERA!" WHILE THE "GRIPS", THE "JUICERS" AND THE EXTRAS PROVIDE THE BACKGROUND NOISE, DANNY GIVES GROUND, AS THE SCRIPT REQUIRES.



MAKE 'IM DROP 'IS DUKES SO I CAN GIT AT HIS PUSS!



WOT'S DE GAG?.. KEEP YER HOOKS OFF OF ME!!



THE KID PURSUES THE OTHER EXTORTIONIST UP ONTO THE CATWALK...





AND THEN FOLLOWS A ROUND OF STUDIO POSES AND PUBLICITY SHOTS. THE CHAMP PRESSES HIS FOOT-PRINTS IN CEMENT IN FRONT OF THE OCCIDENTAL THEATRE.



FOLLOW THE FURTHER TRIALS IN THE FISTIC CAREER OF KID DIXON IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS...

MURDER TAKES THE COUNT

(Big Buck Conovan wasn't afraid of anything until—)

By JERRY MAXWELL

THE shadows in Death Alley are blacker than a bat's wing at midnight. Big Buck flattens against the brick wall and shoves the Weasel behind him out of the streak of light that shines down from the corner lamp on Badger Street.

"Hey, Buck—" but the Weasel's mouth is closed by the calloused palm that clamps around it.

"Shuttup, you. Listen."

Footsteps down Badger Street. Three pairs of feet beating out a sharp staccato. Nervous feet—ready to run on a split second.

"Here they come!"

Three men pass in the streak of light at the head of the alley. One marches slightly before the other two. Big Buck doesn't have to pull his gun—he's been holding it ready for more than half an hour.

Out of the dark, a streak of white-hot death barks from the revolver in Big Buck's fist. One of the men goes down—his hand streaming blood that stains the cloth of his suit above his heart. The other two have whipped out their guns to answer fire—but Big Buck has pushed the Weasel back of a rain barrel and ducks behind its protective bulge. The alley that had gained its name from many famous battles, now echoed again with the angry thunder of shot after shot.

But soon the two men's guns click empty and they beat it around the corner of Badger Street.

Big Buck walks out into the light and gives the limp body a kick. He whips a knife from his back pocket and, walking over to the lamp post, leans against it, whistling cheerfully—as he cuts a notch in his revolver—

just a thin scrape across the metal, really, but Big Buck likes to think of it as a notch—the bad men of old cut notches and he was a direct descendant of Big Bill "The Butcher."

"Thirteen, Weasel," he says, counting with the point of a grimy fingernail. "Thirteen's my



lucky number, this time. Rattler Vito won't be mussin' up my territory any more—"

The Weasel lights a cigarette and then remembers to give it to Big Buck first. He nervously pulls another from the pack. "Thirteen killings is a big number, boss—maybe you better stop there."

"Go on, Weasel, talk — I'm used to that kind of slop from you—I ain't listenin'!"

"Thirteen ain't nobody's lucky number — come on — let's get away from here." Big Buck chuckled as he watched the thin-shouldered little man slide from habit into the shadows along the buildings and scurry up the street.

"I gotta celebrate — I'm goin' over to Nick's and look up Rita."

Big Buck crosses Badger Street and heads down to the waterfront.

"I gotta ditch that guy—he'll be givin' me the creeps." Big Buck was the guy who never knew

the meaning of fear. He said he didn't carry a dictionary just so he could never read a definition of the word.

"Thirteen is my lucky number—I ain't superstitious—I only believe in good luck."

At the head of Death Alley, Rattler Vito groans and turns

over on his back. Hours later he staggers down a flight of stone steps and knocks feebly three times — then twice. The door opens and he falls into someone's arms.

"Call the fellas," he orders in a barely audible whisper — "I got a job for them to do."

Big Buck doesn't reach Nick's dive on Water Street. Instead, he starts talking to himself on the way and sits down on the edge of a dock to finish the argument.

"Unlucky, eh? Unlucky for the Rattler, maybe. But thirteen is my number. I was born on the thirteenth of December, wasn't I? That was unlucky, all right—unlucky for the guys that crossed me later. For thirteen unlucky guys.

"But maybe your luck can change — aw, that's nut stuff—gypsy fortune tellin' stuff."

A small shadow flits across the dock and leaps down from a post—whizzing over Big Buck's legs. He curses. A cat—all black.

"And that don't mean nothin' either. Hey! What am I tryin' to do — knock the guts out o' myself? I better get on to Nick's. Rita'll be waitin'."

But nothing encourages him to move. The black depths of the pier yawn hungrily at him. The cold, lapping water swishes lazily by his feet. Big Buck begins to wish the Weasel were around—"I could bum a cigarette—"

He looks about him. There is no one there. Only shadow and silence. "I oughtta move on. It ain't safe to be out alone—I ain't scared—but a guy's a fool to take chances — right out here in the open."

Big Buck almost swallows the words as they come out. "What's the idea of sayin' a thing like that? Anybody tries any funny stuff around me — they know what this gun's for — and these fists ain't so lazy either."

Just the same—it isn't easy to see if anyone is moving in those shadows.

Big Buck stares at the trickle of light that streams out from the opposite shore. It runs a zig-zag course across the river. Something begins to pound in Big Buck's head. It can't be his heart beating faster.

13 — 13 — 13 — 13 — 13 —

"Who's that?"

His legs don't want to hold him as Big Buck Conovan jumps to his feet—his gun with the thirteen marks upon it trembles in his hand. He is looking into the muzzles of six automatics. The metal gleams blue in the moonlight.

"No—no — don't shoot—listen. Listen—I can explain—I — I — didn't mean to kill the Rattler—He's m—my pal—it was a mistake—a — no—don't—I—I—I'm—afraid to die!"

They waited till Big Buck had said it and then plugged him full of holes.

IT'S FREE

THIS EXCITING

NEW BOOK

CHEMISTRY — THE MODERN WAY

CHEMISTRY

It's great fun amaze your friends with the mystifying experiments described in this new Chemcraft Chemistry book. Today is the age of Chemistry, whether for National Defense or in the development of new and better peace time products. There's fun and adventure, as well as big future opportunities for boys in Chemistry. Send for this valuable Chemcraft Chemistry book today—FREE.

THE PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY,
49 Prospect Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

The next morning the police found him with six bullets in his chest—lying in a pool of blood.

And gangland laughed because Big Buck had said he was afraid and the Weasel found the gun with thirteen notches and kept it as a souvenir.

TOPS BY

test pilot

STANDARDS

COLUMBIA BICYCLES...

**"AN IMPORTANT MEANS
OF MODERN TRANSPORTATION"**

Cycling provides dependable, economical fuelless conveyance. But whether you cycle for workaday chores or for the sheer joy of the ride itself, the superiority of "America's First Bicycle" is unmistakable.

"WINGS ON WHEELS!" ... Get on and go! Glide as you ride! They look like a million and handle, balance, pedal and respond with an ease that makes cycling seem like flying itself! Speed ... style ... maneuverability ... safety! The new Columbia's got 'em all ... PLUS bright new duo-tone colors and smart new trim that you can select for yourself. NEW Streamliner light ... new specially designed chain guard ... and a new scientifically designed safety reflector for night riding, a feature that Mother and Dad will surely appreciate when you take them to see ...

The NEW COLUMBIAS!

See them at your dealers... NOW! Or write direct for colorful, illustrated folder. THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 11 CYCLE STREET, WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.



Look for this name-plate on a Genuine Columbia ... the best known name in bicycles.

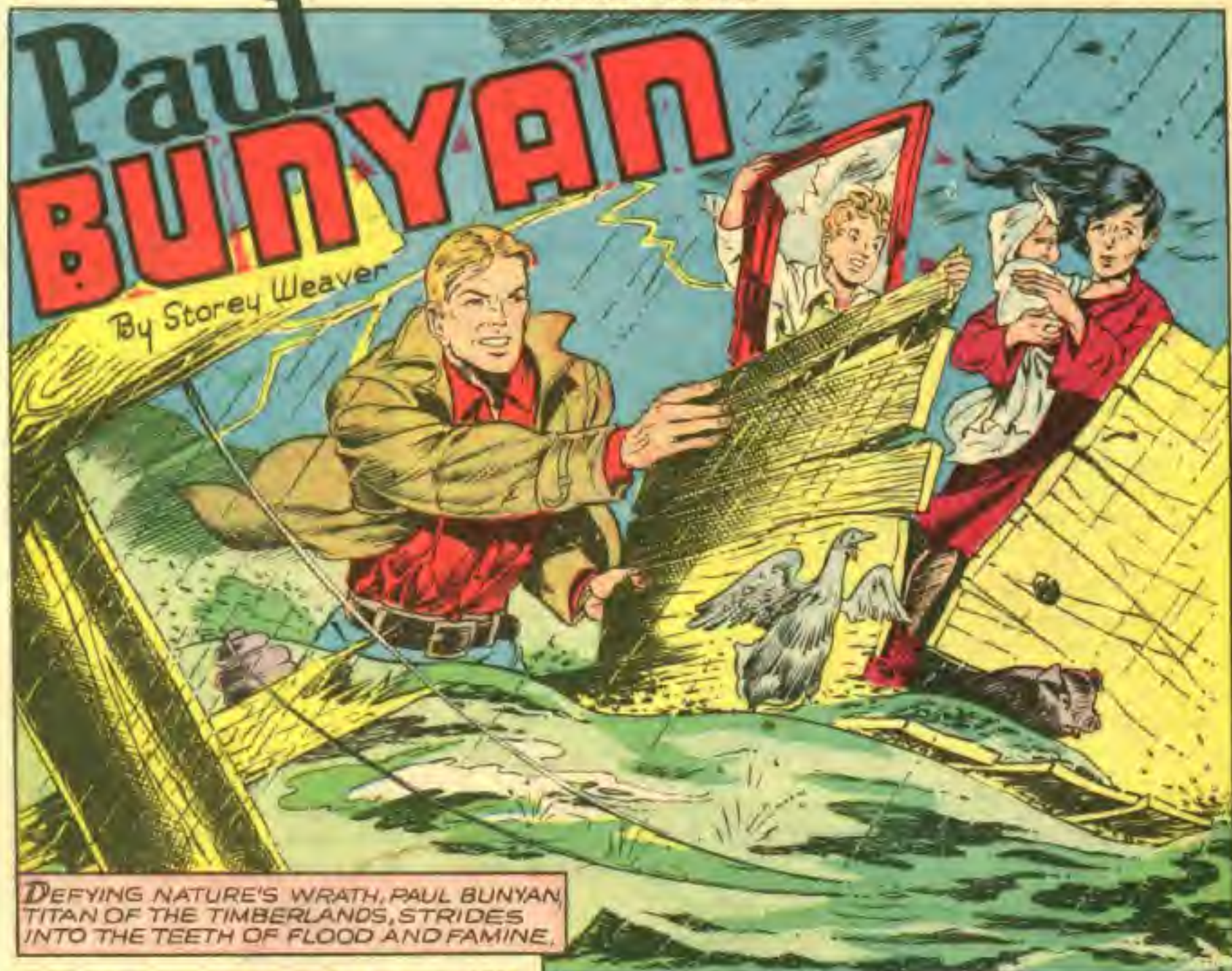


Columbia

**AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE
FIRST IN 1877 · FIRST IN 1941**

Paul BUNYAN

By Storey Weaver



DEFYING NATURE'S WRATH, PAUL BUNYAN, TITAN OF THE TIMBERLANDS, STRIDES INTO THE TEETH OF FLOOD AND FAMINE.

TORRENTIAL RAINS POUR DOWN ON THE MISSISSIPPI'S LOWLANDS... PAUL AND HIS BLUE OX, BABE, WATCH THE FLOODS CREEP CLOSER TO THE GREAT STEEL CITY, BAYOUVILLE.



BUT SUDDENLY PAUL'S GAZE RIVETS ON MOVING FIGURES BELOW.

WHO ARE THOSE VARMINTS SNEAKIN' ALONG THE LEVEE?



SWIFTER THAN
LIGHTNING, PAUL
AND BABE THUN-
DER DOWN THE
HILL.

THEY'VE GOT
DYNAMITE, BASE.
ENOUGH TO
BREAK THE
LEVEE!

SUDDENLY THE MEN SPOT PAUL'S SPEED-
ING FIGURE.

QUICK!
NAB THAT
GUY!

PAUL AND BABE DIVE
HEADLONG INTO THE
RAGING RIVER.

THE MAN AT THE
GUN FIRES BUT.

MISSED, BOSS.
I'LL GET HIM
WHEN HE
COMES UP!

MEANWHILE...

NEVER MIND HIM...
WE'LL SET THE CHARGE
AND BLOW HIM UP
WITH TH' LEVEE!

WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN
MEN, PAUL SHOVED THE
ROOF TO THE LEVEE.

THE SWIM-
MERS HEAD
FOR THE
FLOATING
WRECKAGE.

SOME-
BODY'S
ROOF, BABE!
WE'LL GET
BEHIND IT!

YEAH...
BUT FAST!

NOW LET
'EM TRY
THEIR
DIRTY
WORK!



SUDDENLY A HAND PLUNGES DOWN THE LEVER ON THE EXPLOSIVES' DETONATOR. . . WITH A BOOM HEARD FOR MILES AROUND, THE LEVEE BREAKS. . .

PAUL STILL PUSHING THE DEBRIS BEFORE HIM, SWIMS RIGHT INTO THE EXPLOSION.



WE'LL FILL THAT HOLE BEFORE THE RIVER LEAKS THROUGH!

NOW I'LL FILL IN THE CRACKS WITH SOME RIVER MUD!



GOOD SO FAR, BABE!

THE ROOF SETTLES INTO THE GAPING LEVEE WOUND WITH SHIVERING TREMORS.

THEN PAUL LEAPS TO HIGH GROUND.

HAVE TO GET THE MUGS WHO DID THIS!



BUT..

QUICK! HOP INTO THE CAR, BOYS!

STAND BACK, BUD, OR...





WE GOT WAYS TO STOP THAT GUY!



AT TOP SPEED, PAUL AND BABE FOLLOW.



PAUL'S HUGE PACES BRING HIM TO THE SPEEDING CAR IN NO TIME.



HE TOSSES THE CRIMINALS LIKE PEBBLES CLEAR ACROSS THE RIVER.



PAUL HOPS INTO THE FLOOD AGAIN...



PAUL BUNYAN PITCHES IN-TO A NEW BATTLE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

PEN MILLER



THE TWIST OF A WRIST OR THE FLIP OF A COIN IS ENOUGH TO SEND THE FAMED CARTOONIST, PEN MILLER, DETECTIVE NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD, HEAD-LONG INTO ANOTHER CRIME-BUSTING VENTURE... FOR OUT OF SUCH GRIST DOES HE GRIND HIS CARTOON STORIES.

By Klaus

ONE SUNNY FALL AFTERNOON, THE COMIC ARTIST STOPS AT HIS TORACONIST'S.

PARDON ME, MR. MILLER, ONE OF THESE COINS IS A SLUG!

YEP, IT'S ONE OF THE LATEST SLICK MODELS... GUARANTEED TO FOIL ALL SLUG-REJECTION CONTRIVANCES.

YOU KNOW, THE TELEPHONE CO. LOST \$250,000 AND THE SUBWAYS \$1,700,000 LAST YEAR IN SLUGS?

EH? HOW DID THAT GET INTO MY JEANS?

WELL, WELL!

WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

YOU'RE GOING FOR A SUBWAY RIDE, NIKI... THERE'S YOUR FARE.

HOW, MIST' MILLER? U.S. TREASURY PUT OUT SLUGS NOW?



THE NEXT DAY, EVEN AS PEN HAD FORESEEN, THE PHONE RINGS.



IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THE SLUG BUSINESS, MILLER, BE AT LONE-SOME GROVE AT ELEVEN TONIGHT.



I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT CARTOONIST GUY HAD AN ANGLE... HE'D BE NUTS NOT TO CASH IN ON HIS RACKET...



HE'LL BE 'ROUND AT 11, GOLDY.



GOOD... WE'LL SEND SPHINXY OUT TO MEET HIM...



WITH THAT GUY'S DOPE ON POLICE METHODS PLUS SOME PRETTY SLICK IDEAS OF HIS OWN, MILLER OUGHTA BE ABLE TO HIGH-PRESSURE OUR 50-FOR-A-DOLLAR SLUGS ON A NATIONWIDE SCALE.



11 p.m.



LOOKS LIKE OUR FRIEND'S WAITING UP FOR US, NIKI...

WELL, PAL... WHAT'S THE SCORE?

WHY HE NOT LEPLY?



I am deaf and dumb.



I CONGLATULATE YOU, MIST' MILLER. CLEVER WAY YOU CONTACT CLOOKED GANG --

SH, STOP IT, NIKI! WE'D BETTER CHECK UP NOW!





PEN MILLER OPENS HIS INK BOTTLE AND CRACKS ANOTHER CRIME IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS...

CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T STUPID!

by GILL
FOX

A MOSQUITO LANDS ON A RARE FLOWER... HE NIBBLES ON A PETAL AND LO! HE GROWS TO THE SIZE OF A MAN.



MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN



THE BRITISH SUBMARINE MARSDEN, IDLING ON THE SURFACE OFF THE COAST OF INDIA IS SUDDENLY TORPEDGED BY A NAZI U-BOAT LURKING NEARBY BENEATH THE SURFACE!

THE NAZI SUBMARINE COMES TO THE SURFACE AS THE BLASTED ENGLISH SHIP SINKS FROM SIGHT!



NOTHING LEFT BUT THE USUAL OIL SMEAR. WE'LL CONTINUE ON THE SURFACE.



BUT A BRITISH PATROL PLANE FLIES IN SEARCH OF THE NAZI SUBMARINE WHICH HAS BEEN PREYING ON ENGLISH SHIPPING.



IN THE PLANE IS MERLIN THE MAGICIAN AND HIS FRIEND LIEUTENANT REX KING, THE PILOT

ORDERS ARE NOT TO BOMB THE ENGLISH SUBMARINE MARSDEN BY MISTAKE. IT'S ALSO IN THIS AREA LOOKING FOR THE JERRY SUB.



LOOK - THERE'S A SUB AND IT LOOKS LIKE AN ENEMY TO ME!



IMMEDIATELY THE PLANE DIVES AT THE SUBMARINE WHICH STARTS TO SUBMERGE



THE SWASTIKA MARKINGS ARE PLAINLY VISIBLE ON THE DIVING STEEL BOAT'S HYDROVANES.



A BOMB EXPLODES ON THE SPOT WHERE THE SUBMARINE DROVE.

THAT CERTAINLY WAS THE NAZI!



WHILE UNDER THE SURFACE THE U-BOAT SWIMS STEADILY FORWARD.

WE'RE OUT OF DANGER NOW - FIRE THE DUMMY TORPEDO!



IN THE AIRPLANE MERLIN AND THE PILOT LOOK FOR THE RESULTS OF THEIR ATTACK.

I'M NOT SURE IF WE SCORED A HIT!



BUT ON THE SURFACE THE TELL-TALE SMEAR OF OIL AND CLOTHING APPEARS



WE GOT HER ALL RIGHT. I'LL RADIO FOR A PATROL BOAT TO PICK UP THE WRECKAGE FOR POSSIBLE IDENTIFICATION.



GUIDED BY THE PLANE A PATROL BOAT NEARS THE SPOT...



AND BEGINS TO PICK UP THE OIL-SOAKED CLOTHES.



GREAT SCOTT!

THESE ARE ENGLISH CAPS AND UNIFORMS - HE SUNK A BRITISH SUBMARINE BY MISTAKE. MARK THIS SPOT WITH A BUOY!

ORDER LIEUTENANT KING BACK TO HIS QUARTERS FOR COURT MARTIAL. HE MUST HAVE BOMBED THE MARSDEN - IT'S LONG OVERDUE!



DAYS LATER AS THE MARSDEN FAILS TO ARRIVE, THE ADMIRALTY IS CONVINCED THE YOUNG PILOT SANK IT BY MISTAKE.



BUT I ALSO SAW THE SWASTIKA MARKINGS ON THE SUBMARINE WE BOMBED!



THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THESE OIL-SOAKED BRITISH SAILOR UNIFORMS?

THAT HAS ME PUZZLED, BUT I WILL ENDEAVOR TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY AND PROVE REX KING IS INNOCENT!



YOU WILL HAVE TO USE YOUR UNUSUAL ABILITIES TO PROVE US WRONG. IF KING DID SINK THE MARSDEN, IT WILL RUIN HIS CAREER.

NEXT DAY MERLIN SAILS ON THE NAVAL BOAT TO THE SCENE.



THERE'S THE BUOY - WE ARE OVER THE MARSDEN!

I'M GOING DOWN BUT I DON'T NEED A DIVER'S SUIT - EVIG-EM REWOP OT EHTAERB EKIL A HSIF!



MAGICALLY GIVING HIMSELF POWER TO BREATHE UNDER-WATER LIKE A FISH MERLIN DESCENDS INTO THE DEPTHS.



THE MAGICIAN EXPLORES THE SHATTERED SUBMARINE.



THE STEERING MECHANISM OF A NAZI TORPEDO!



THIS'LL SHOW THE MARSDEN WAS SUNK BY AN ENEMY SUB AND THAT NAZI U-BOAT GOT AWAY!



QUICKLY MERLIN SWIMS UP TO THE BOAT WITH HIS EVIDENCE!

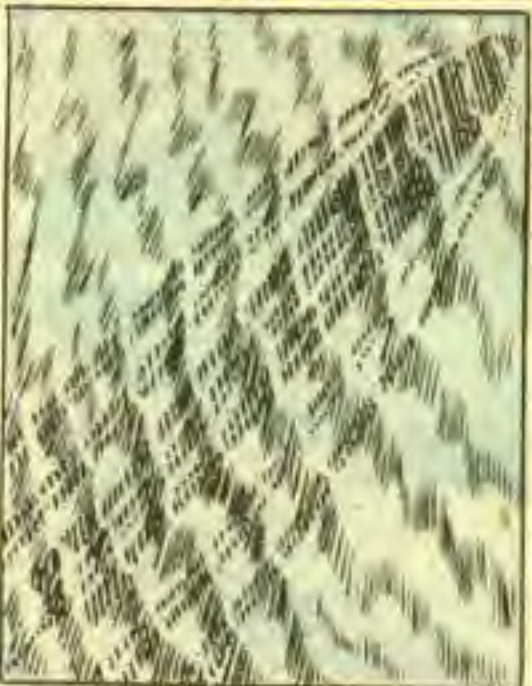


ON THE BOAT THE STEEL MECHANISM IS IDENTIFIED AS PART OF A NAZI TORPEDO!





FAR BELOW HIM A SINISTER SHADOW GLIDES BENEATH THE WAVES!



DROPPING LIKE A PLUMMET THE MAGICIAN DIVES...



AND PLUNGES INTO THE SEA BY A SUBMARINE!



WON LL'I EMOCEB A EGUH ELAHW!



CHANGING HIMSELF INTO A HUGE WHALE MERLIN CHASES THE UNSUSPECTING SUBMARINE!



WITH A SINGLE GULP THE WHALE SWALLOWS THE SUBMARINE...



AND SWIFTLY SWIMS AWAY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE WHALE APPEARS OFF SHORE.



OPENING ITS HUGE MOUTH THE WHALE TOSSES THE SUBMARINE ON THE BEACH.



THE TERRIFIED SAILORS RUSH OUT OF THE BATTERED NAZI U-BOAT.



LATER IN HUMAN FORM, MERLIN APPEARS AT HEADQUARTERS.

JUST IN TIME, MERLIN. WE SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE UNIFORMS AND CLEARED YOUR FRIEND KING OF ANY INCOMPETENCE - THANKS TO YOU AND THAT WHALE!



THE NAZI SUBMARINES ARE EQUIPPED WITH DUMMY TORPEDOES FILLED WITH OIL AND CAPTURED BRITISH UNIFORMS! WHEN THEY ARE BOMBED THEY FIRE THE DUMMY, AND THE PILOT SEEING THE OIL SMEAR, STOPS BOMBING. AND THE U-BOAT GETS AWAY, LEAVING EVIDENCE THAT A BRITISH BOAT WAS DESTROYED BY MISTAKE!



CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE



**JIM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME**
Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast-
moving Electric Game.



Your choice of genuine
EASTMAN CAMERAS.
Bullet or Brownie.



Sell only one order and get a beautiful
WRIST WATCH. Styles for boys,
girls, men and women.

LIVE CANARY
given for selling
only one order.
Safe delivery guar-
anteed.



**DAISY'S
RED
RYDER**

Licensed by Stephen Sindinger Inc. N.Y.

CARBINE



HEY FELLOWS!

Get Daisy's swell **RED
RYDER CARBINE.**
A lightning-load-
ing, fast-shooting,
1000 shot Air Rifle. A real
he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also
given.

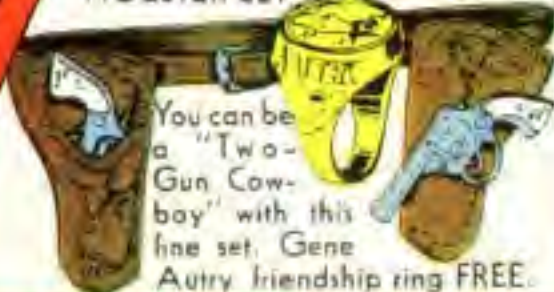


FITTED OVERNIGHT CASE
A compact handbag with
comb, brush, and mirror.



ELECTRIC MOVIE OUTFIT
Sell one order. Show movies at home.
Film FREE.

**GENE AUTRY
TWO-GUN
HOLSTER SET**



You can be
a "Two-
Gun Cow-
boy" with this
fine set. Gene
Autry friendship ring FREE.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get
swell prizes for yourself, and gifts for Mother
and Dad — **WITHOUT A CENT OF COST.**

Any prize shown above and dozens of others in
our Big Prize Catalog is **GIVEN WITHOUT COST**
for selling 40 Xmas packs at 10c each. Each pack
contains 2 beautiful Xmas Cards, 2 envelopes
and 24 sparkling Xmas seals.

It's easy to sell these Xmas packs to your family,
friends and neighbors. When sold, send us the
\$4.00 collected and choose your prize. It is sent
to you at once.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas packs and our
Big Prize Catalog — tell us what prize you want.
SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. 405, Lancaster, Pa.

SUPER VALUE PRIZES

Prizes below given for selling extra orders as explained in
our Big Prize Catalog.

Send coupon today for Prize
Catalog and one order of 40
Xmas packs.



**GENE AUTRY
GUITAR**

Full size, full tone,
decorated with
western scene and
Gene Autry sig-



**SEND THAT
COUPON
TODAY**

Boys! Girls!
Get a **STREAM-
LINED BIKE** for
selling Xmas
packs. Send
coupon today
for plan.



MILITARY WATCH for
men and boys. Sweep
second hand. Luminous
dial. It shines at night.



**ELECTRIC ARMY
SUPPLY TRAIN**

Fast-moving Army Train, with
real searchlight, anti-air-
craft gun, and removable tank.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 405, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one
order of 40 Xmas Packs, I will resell them at 10c
each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

DECEMBER

No. 18

NATIONAL

COMICS

10¢

Starring
AMERICA'S HERO
UNCLE SAM



WONDER BOY

SALLY O'NEIL

QUICKSILVER

GM

OWN THIS SADDLE GUN!

LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION!

Twist 16" magazine—point in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 shots without reloading once!

GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!

These glittery golden-colored bands round the barrel an inch—put a look on your face—kindly like the real gold I used to prosper out our West. You'll be proud of you!

SOME SIGHTS, PARDNER!

It's a handiwork, tellers! Raise the Adjustable Double-Flash Ring high for long range—lower it for short. Aim this small watch for target work—large watch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made the same with COLLECTOR-COLORED and remind you of the Golden West!

HERE'S A WESTERN SADDLE GUN FELLERS, THAT'S REAL!

CARBINE STYLE FORE-PIECE!

Grab this handy, semi-curved, full length hand hold—only need one "finger" from that hand and holds the Carbine ready as a pick!

Shoot THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLEINGER, INC. N.Y.

Yes sir, Pardner! This beautiful RED RYDER CARBINE is chuck full of western saddle gun features cowboys like. There's a carbine style quick-action cocking lever—genuine Western Swivel Carbine Ring—a pistol grip stock—Golden front sight—and all the other features Red Ryder shows you in this ad. Get your hands on one—lift one—sight it—aim it—and you'll agree it's the most realistic Saddle Carbine you ever saw "Out West." Examine it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store—and buy it! If your Dealer is out of stock, or no Daisy Dealer near you, send us \$7.95—we'll rush your 1000 Shot RED RYDER CARBINE to you post-paid in beautiful 2-color carton. Duty added in Canada on all Daisys.

HANG ON GUN ON SADDLE WITH LEATHER THONG. ME BETCHUM BOYS LIKE SWIVEL CARBINE RING, TOO!

- OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS

PUMP GUN—all steel, break-down, hipster. Take-down model. \$4.50

BUCK JONES SPECIAL—all steel, break-down. Comes in 2 colors. \$3.50

SHOOT CARBINE—with Light and Loader invention. Adjustable Double-Flash Ring. \$2.50

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BIG JUMBO TUBE—for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifle. At dealers. 5¢

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4911 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH,

MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

only **2⁹⁵**

FREE CATALOG and SHOOTING MANUAL

Send quick for your Free Catalog and Red Ryder Shooting Manual, "Shooting Straight," and 16 pages picture-size Catalog, picturing all Daisys from \$1 to \$17.50. Write today!

MY BRAND ON STOCK!

Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name—and picture of me with my horse "Thunder"—branded on the stock!

Follow RED RYDER—NEA name—your name—your picture—on YOUR very own newspaper.



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



THE COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

How easy is it to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU! LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3 ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back space; margin stop; and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand, Inc. Dept. 190-41
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about your 10c a day plan. Send Catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

NATIONAL COMICS, December, 1941, No. 18. Published monthly by Comic Magazine, Inc., 4 Lomb St., Buffalo, N. Y. Home Office and Editorial Office, Garley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Youth column \$1.20, plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Glossaries \$2.00. Entered as second class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Murdock, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1941 by Comic Magazine, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.